

*The* *Magazine for the Christian Home*  
**Hearthstone**

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- **Faith Like a Child—*Harold D. Moore***
- **It's Fun to Have Six Children—*C. Aubrey Hearn***

**MARCH, 1958 - 25c**



# The **H** Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*

SUE H. WOLLAM, *Assistant Editor*

WINIFRED JEWELL, *layout*

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RICHARD HOILAND, *Executive Secretary*  
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### For Something Worthwhile

Many of us would probably like to reap the good things of life without having to "pay the piper." We would like to be able to eat a banana split with three kinds of ice cream, topped with nuts, cherries, whipped cream (and calories), without gaining an ounce or acquiring a blemished complexion. We would like to learn French without studying very hard. We would like to make a munificent salary doing a minimum of work. Nevertheless, mature, Christian people know that there is no kingly road to anything; that one usually has to suffer disappointments and overcome obstacles to gain that something worthwhile. Are you willing to relinquish something that appears to be enticing now for something that will be better in the long run? (It may be hard to give up chocolate cake and ice cream sodas; but think of the svelte figure that you'll have one of these days.)

We acquire strength of character through our hard work and sincere efforts—and that in itself is something worthwhile.

**What's Here?** You would undoubtedly be proud if your son or daughter decided to enter a religious vocation. Perry and Dorothy Jackson have five children going into religious work. You will want to read Lawrence P. Fitzgerald's article about this interesting family—"They All Go Into Christian Work."

"We can't possibly tithe," many people declare plaintively. "We can just barely manage to pay for the necessities of life." Edith Ledbetter does not agree, and she has written an article entitled, "You Can Tithe." Aren't you curious to discover how it's done? Better read the article, then.

While most of us are wondering how we're ever going to rear two or three children in these days of high prices, C. Aubrey Hearn announces, "It's Fun to Have Six Children." He feels that "the compensations are far greater than any sacrifices that we have to make." Here is an interesting little article, written with humor and an understanding of the antics of children.

The moods and actions of teen-agers cause many parents to wring their hands in futility. There is no magic palliative that will cure the situation; but you can learn to understand and cope with it. D. Maxine Cottrell tells you how in her article, "Teen-Essence."

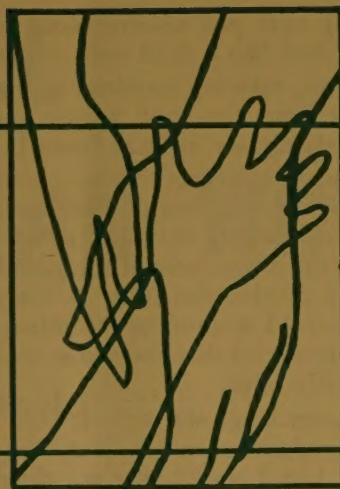
**What's Coming?** "About Early Marriages"; "The Christian Family and Its Faith"; "Answering Children's Questions on Religion."

Until next month,

S. W.



# FAITH LIKE A CHILD



by Harold D. Moore

My daughter, Becky, was a very serious, sedate young lady even before she started to school. With her blond, curly hair, horn-rimmed glasses, clear blue eyes, and a questioning smile, she would often come to my easy chair as I read the evening paper and ask, "Daddy, rock me?"

Each time I would lay down my paper, take her on my lap, and there she would rest quietly with her head on my shoulder. In a few moments, she would softly ask her first question:

"Daddy, where is Mother?"

Then I would tell her about sickness, doctors, nurses, and hospitals, and tell her how little girls and fathers must be brave when mothers were sick; that they must pray often, and must have faith that God would heal and bring Mother home again very soon.

After the questions for the evening had all been answered, Becky would stay and rest on my lap a little

while longer. Soon, however, she would slip down and continue playing with her dolls, content for the time being that all was well in her world.

In later years, with the coming of school experiences, the questions asked during our evening rocking sessions became more varied; but each time as she found the answers and took a few minutes to think them over, she was able to slip quietly away and take up her own life again with a calmness and self-assurance which I often envied.

So often I needed a source of comfort and inspiration myself—for those were trying days for all of us. In talking with our minister about those problems and the experiences that I had had with my small daughter, he opened his Bible to Matthew 19 and read these words to me:

"Let the children come to me, and do not hinder them; for to such belongs the kingdom of heaven.

—Photo by erb



When small children have problems, Mom or Dad can usually "straighten things out." In the same way, we should have faith that our heavenly Father will help us during our times of need.



Truly, I say unto you whoever does not receive the kingdom of God like a child shall not enter it."

Could I, too, take my problems to my Father, find the answers from him—and receive such benefits as I could so plainly see in little Becky?

One Sunday afternoon while visiting the State School for Blind Children in Muskogee, Oklahoma, I stopped to visit with a little girl about ten years old. We were in the music room of the school, and she had just finished playing skillfully on the piano for our entertainment. I stopped to compliment her on her ability and marveled that she was so well-trained—for she was totally blind.

With a merry laugh she replied, "Oh, I really don't miss my eyesight so much—but, my goodness—I don't know how I would ever get along without my hands and a piano."

After that I firmly resolved that I would "become like a child" for, my goodness!—I, too, had many things that I would never be able to get along without. It was high time that I was showing a little thankfulness for the many blessings which I did have.

Joan of Arc, Washington, Lincoln, Peter Marshall, and Albert Schweitzer all lacked many of the things which would have made their problems lighter; but they gratefully used the materials at hand, kept their childlike faith in God, and achieved historical fame and greatness. I had no idea of getting into history books—but I did so need that childlike faith.

Was it possible to attain it, to know its benefits and powers in the ordinary walks of everyday life and its problems?

In a small Nebraska town, a baby girl was born to Czechoslovakian parents about the same year that I was born. She went through the local schools during her childhood, attended her church regularly, and was deeply moved by the ritual, ceremonies, and pageantry of the colorful services. Later she went to Omaha, where she worked as a secretary and lived the ordinary life of the normal working girl.

Ann met a very attractive young man, and in answer to the stirring response which he had roused in her heart she married. When little Ann was born, Ann knew for a time all the joy and happiness which is to be found in this world.

But Ann's husband was not yet ready to face the responsibilities of marriage and family life. Without warning he decamped, leaving a young mother and child deserted—and also leaving several thousand dollars' worth of unpaid bills which Ann had known nothing about.

It was then that she discovered that pomp, ceremony, and ritual have little to offer for peace of mind and understanding. She came to the minister of our church and told him of her situation.

"Help me to find something to give me courage; help me to find peace and understanding, for I have not the strength or will to rise to face even one more dawn."

The minister talked to her for a short time, opened his Bible, and read to her several different passages.

As he came to the words in Matthew 19, she motioned for him to stop and there in his office she prayed:

"Dear God, never has there been a child more confused and frightened than I am today. Take my hand and lead me gently, that I may do thy will in the days which lie ahead."

In the "days ahead" she moved to a tiny apartment, went back to her work as a secretary, and built a new life around her little Ann and her work. Each morning when she awoke, she renewed her prayer:

"Take my hand and lead me gently."

Little by little, month by month, the debts were paid off. Little Ann grew and flourished, and happiness, courage, and a richer, fuller way of life developed. Ann became an office manager, a leader in the women's work of the church, and an officer in a business women's organization.

She had found a faith like that of a child. She was happy, and the debts were paid. She had faith—but it had not yet been tested.

Ann met another man who stirred her deeply in the old scars and wounds of her heart. For a long time she fearfully resisted the yearning—the old wounds had been too deep and disastrous. Slowly and in the presence of such warm love, however, they healed and again she consented to be married. Again she knew the joy and happiness of love and understanding. Just to possess that love, to make a home for her husband and little Ann, was all that she asked. The old memories were all but forgotten.

Then again—sudden, black, panicky disaster! Again Ann and little Ann were left alone.

One of her first visitors was the minister who had counseled with her before. This time he found in Ann an entirely different reaction. Stunned and heartsick, yes. Hopeless and lacking faith to face another dawn, no.

"Why does everything have to happen to you?" she was asked.

Her answer was simply this: "I do not understand. I am confused and upset for the moment. But I can still do my work, and I still have little Ann. With my hand in God's, with him leading me now, as he has in the past, I will be all right."

Faith of a child she had found—and now it had been tested and not found wanting.

A few weeks ago I visited with Ann, and we talked of her recent catastrophe. She told me of the days which had followed; of the many friends who had helped her make her adjustment; of her plans for the future that she had mapped out for herself and little Ann.

As we said good-by and she turned to go, I thought again of the many times that my own little girl had told me of her problems. As Ann left to go confidently on with her own new life, she reminded me of little Becky, attending to the business of the moment—happy and serene—secure with a tested, childlike faith in a God who knows no problems which can't be answered.



# THEY ALL GO INTO CHRISTIAN WORK

by Lawrence P. Fitzgerald

*All five of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Jackson  
are entering various fields of Christian service.*

If you had five children, and one of them chose a church vocation, that would probably indicate a spiritually strong family. But what if all five went into Christian work?

That is exactly what has happened in the Perry and Dorothy Jackson family. Perry and Dorothy are missionaries among the Yavapai and Apache Indians of central Arizona, and all five of

their children have heard God's call to special Christian service.

Robert, 27, is a graduate of Berkeley Baptist Divinity School, and is now making a survey of the Camp Verde area to discover how many families, besides the Indian Americans, are interested in organizing an American Baptist church in the area.

Lawrence, 25, was commissioned at the American Baptist Convention, recently meeting in Philadelphia, to go to Keams Canyon as missionary to the Navajo Indians.

Floyd, 22, enlisted in the United States Air Force in 1953 for a four-year stint. He was recently discharged and is now enrolled at Linfield College preparing for Christian work. In spite of his being far away from home, with the many temptations found in the armed forces, God pursued him. In Denver a couple of years ago, Floyd called his father on long distance telephone to break the glad news that he, too, was going to become a minister.

Dorothy Delight, 19, had planned, even before she was in junior high, to be a missionary nurse. She is now attending Linfield College, but God seems to be opening the way for Christian service in the field of teaching.

The Jackson children are, from left to right, Lawrence, Floyd, Robert, Joanne, and Dorothy Delight.





The youngest, Joanne, 17, dedicated her life to full-time Christian service while at a summer camp in 1954. Lewis Browne, missionary to the Congo, influenced her in her decision. Now she has met a man whom she would like to marry, and together they will work out the place of service. Currently, they are thinking in terms of Christian center work.

How did it happen? How did one entire family of seven turn to Christian work as a lifetime vocation? It isn't easy to ferret out all the reasons. As you hear the Jackson saga, however, some basic answers come forth.

Perry himself was born fifty-five years ago in King City, California (he recently went back there to give a missionary address), the son of a minister. His folks were constantly on the move, and Perry attended eight different grammar schools before he enrolled in the Clovis, California, High School. In Clovis, Perry lived among the Mono Indians. Although he did not know it then, his friendship with the Monos eventually led him to see that his lifework was to be among the primitive Americans.

At 17, during his last year in

high school, Perry received his call to the ministry and shortly thereafter enrolled at the University of Redlands. Advocates of the extensive use of audio-visual aids will be interested to know that Perry vividly remembers a motion picture which he saw during his freshman year, shown by the veteran missionary Coe Hayne, entitled "Mono Bill." That picture, together with his earlier associations, helped him to decide where God wanted him to work.

He received his A.B. from Redlands in 1924 and his B.D. from Newton Theological School, Newton Centre, Massachusetts, in 1928. A year before his graduation he married a Redlands girl, a friend of his sister. His sister had remarked one day, "Why don't you go out with Dorothy?" In commenting on this experience, Perry wittily remarks, "I took my sister's advice and have been going out with Dorothy ever since."

In May, 1928, he received his appointment from the American Baptist Home Mission Society to work among the Kiowa Indians of Oklahoma. By September of that year he was on the field, making his home at Saddle Mountain,

Oklahoma. It was a sparsely inhabited country with about four houses to the square mile. Saddle Mountain was 115 miles from Oklahoma City. The Jacksons lived twenty miles from town, and it was one and one-half miles to the crossroads store. Dorothy comments, "To this city gal from Los Angeles, it seemed as though we were isolated from civilization."

For thirteen years Perry and Dorothy worked among the Kiowas. They learned how to do successful work among the Indians. During these years, the five children came. When Robert was born, they would take him along to church in his carriage and to the cottage prayer and sewing meetings in a basket. Later as Robert and Lawrence grew up, they would sit with Dorothy on the front row at church. The modern idea of leaving your children at home with a baby sitter never occurred to Perry and Dorothy.

"While I preached," says Perry, "Dorothy would look after the children. Oh, occasionally, one would slip away from her and come up to the platform where I was; but the Indians didn't seem to mind, and I went on preaching."

Often, Dorothy played the piano, and then some of the Indian mothers would mind the children.

Perry preached in English, usually about ten minutes, and then the sermon was interpreted in Kiowa, which usually took about twenty minutes. "What was most successful?" Perry was asked. "Simple Bible stories with an interpretation. The daily vacation Bible school was the most successful evangelistic experience during the year. About one hundred Indian youngsters from a forty-mile radius would come for the morning sessions for a week or two. Many of them found Christ and were baptized."

If you think that your Sunday services are long, and "no souls are saved after the first twenty minutes," you will wonder how Perry Jackson did it back then; for their Sunday services usually lasted from 11:00 to 4:00. There was preaching in the morning, fol-

—Photos from the author

New Year's Day in the parsonage finds all of the family together.





lowed by a basket dinner, and the services continued in the afternoon with Sunday church school, B.Y.P.U., and testimony meeting.

It was not an easy life with the preaching, teaching, visitation, ministry to the sick, and youth work; but Perry and Dorothy were happy, for they were doing what God wanted them to do. Undoubtedly, the children, as they came into the home, were impressed with the genuineness of the religion that their parents professed. Robert and Lawrence were both converted during the family's stay with the Kiowas. The other children were not yet old enough to make this important decision, but they, too, were receiving lasting Christian impressions during these years.

In 1941, Perry and Dorothy felt that there was a need for more experienced missionaries among the Kiowas; and at the same time they heard the challenge of the work among the Yavapais and Apaches in central Arizona. They decided to transfer to this new field, and moved to Cottonwood, Arizona. Around them were three settlements of Indians—Camp Verdi, Middle Verdi, and Clarksdale. Every Sunday Perry preaches and holds Sunday church school in each of the churches; and there is a night service in one of the churches. There are also prayer meeting services. Counting the the Sunday services and the prayer meetings, Perry makes approximately two hundred and fifty contacts a week.

The Jacksons have profoundly influenced the Indians of Oklahoma and Arizona; but their influence has been ever greater upon their children. The first Easter in Cottonwood saw the baptism of Floyd, the third child. Later Dorothy Delight and Joanne were baptized, too.

Since the Jacksons' arrival among the Yavapais and Apaches, the congregations have grown until now in the three churches there are two hundred and twenty members. Actually, there are four hundred and fifty on the attendance rolls. Each community has a Baptist church building, and more and more Indians are being baptized.

Joanne, Dorothy, Perry, and Dorothy Delight pack a Sunday lunch to eat on the reservation.



Typical of the Indians' enthusiasm for their program is shown in an account that Perry wrote of a recent Christmas service at Clarksdale:

"At Clarksdale, on Christmas Eve, the message was well portrayed in recitation, play, and song, by the tiniest, four-year-old Robert Telese, who spoke his piece in echo line by line, and on up through the largest, Sanford Quail, who was 'reader' this year. Sanford also gave of his talent in bass singing and played his electrical guitar along with Floyd."

Another year, Perry speaks of the Christmas programs in the three communities and then says,

"Thus the story was told, re-told, and told again to capacity crowds in our three churches. Each time there was an opportunity for the hearers to give their hearts to this Wonderful Counselor, the Mighty God, the Prince of Peace, and each time there was an offering in His name, as well as receiving the gifts people far and wide had lavished upon them."

To come back to our original question, What influences have

brought about the dedication of five children in one family to full-time Christian work? The story of a dedicated life on the part of parents is perhaps the best clue; but here are some other things which we must conclude as we reflect over what has happened to this wonderful family.

1. Religion lived daily at home. In the Jackson home, we see not a professional religion, but a sincere, warm love for Christ and his cause. There is a family altar, but it is not mechanical. It is a wholesome meeting with God to talk over family problems and seek God's guidance and direction.

"Our family devotions are generally held in the morning before we get away for the day, and they are varied. We don't always have the same pattern."

Even more influential than the family devotions is the fact that the children have been able to see in their parents the reality of their profession. A consistent Christian life was lived in the home. God was real.

2. Relationship of the church and home. The Jacksons have believed not only in the home, but in the importance of the church in the religious development of

(Continued on page 30)



—Illustration by Winifred Jewell



\* \* \* \* \*

There was a scuffle, and Robin came bursting into the room, his hands covered with mud. "Mommy, I fell off the swing,"



# AS THE Twig BENDS

he yelled, and, running to his mother, was about to place his hands squarely on her fresh gingham skirt.

"Don't!" shrieked Miss Temple, springing to her feet. Robin stared into the owl's eyes. "Oh, I'm sorry—but your mother's clean clothes!"

"She lets me do it," Robin said with disdain. But he dropped his hands to his sides and stood waiting for instructions.

"Will you excuse me while I clean him off?" Amy asked.

"He is cute!" Miss Temple said with a buck-toothed smile.

A cup of tea and two muffins later, they were saying good-by. Miss Temple repeated Mrs. Anderson's welcome to their church.

That night, Amy wrote to her mother, announcing that the following Sunday they were going to church. She knew that she would be pleased.

When Amy awoke on Sunday morning, the overcast sky should have given her warning. But she got up and dressed, determined that it would be a good day.

She smiled contentedly as she looked over at Bill and Robin as they drove to church. "We are a nice-looking family!" she said to herself.

At the start of the service, Robin contained himself admirably. Amy thrilled at being the mother of such a model child.

Then it became time for the sermon. Bill had handed his church program and a pencil over to Robin, but almost immediately it was filled with scribbled cir-

cles, arrows, and miscellaneous do-dads.

"Shhh!" Bill whispered, looking down at Robin; Robin dropped the pencil and sat back in the pew. Momentarily, only the stentorian voice of Pastor Thomson reached out over the congregation.

"Ker-CHOO!" Robin sneezed right into the velvet roses on Mrs. Anderson's hat. The little wizened face turned about and stared into Robin's eyes.

Mrs. Anderson turned back to give her undivided attention to the preacher. "We must turn away from a life of sin. We must be ready to serve . . ." But no one in the congregation heard the rest, for Robin let out a very loud shriek.

"I stuck my finger—look!" Robin bawled, and he thrust his thumb into Bill's face.

"We'd better get out of here," Amy whispered hoarsely. "We're not getting a thing from the sermon!" With as much dignity as she could muster, she rose and started toward the aisle.

"Is it all over, Mom?" Robin asked loudly.

"Bill, hurry!" Amy whispered in mild hysteria.

"I'm trying to reach Robin's cap. It fell down under the seat."

"Don't forget the pencil, Daddy. That doesn't belong to the church," Robin added for good measure.

Mrs. Anderson had turned around again, and even Pastor Thomson stopped in the middle of

the sermon. It is better to give in when losing a battle. Pastor Thomson tapped his hand nervously against the pulpit.

"Mommy, he's stopped talking!" said Robin, just to give Amy a little more impetus.

They moved into the aisle; and each taking one of Robin's hands, fairly lifted him from the floor. He resembled a B-29 starting a bumpy flight.

On the other side of the exit door Bill heaved a sigh of relief, and Amy fumbled for her handkerchief. Her nerves were shot. "Let's go home. I don't want to be here when the service lets out," she said.

When they finally arrived home, Amy became so absorbed in the chores of the household that the whole church episode faded into the background.

It wasn't until about three that afternoon when the doorbell rang that Amy became suddenly panicky. She knew instinctively that either Mrs. Anderson or Miss Temple had come to request them to find some other church immediately.

Amy listened from the kitchen as Bill went to the door. Too late, she recalled that he had changed to faded jeans and a paint-covered T-shirt. Hardly acceptable dress for greeting the women of the church!

"Mr. Miller?" she heard a male voice ask.

"Yes, won't you come in?" Bill offered dubiously.

"Thank you. I suppose you remember me." The voice



boomed. Is your wife at home?"

"Amy, come on into the living room," Bill called.

\*\*\*\*\*

Amy stopped abruptly. Of course, she recognized the voice—it was Pastor Thomson. She gulped, and then proceeded into the room.

"How do you do, Mrs. Miller. I'm Pastor Thomson."

"It's nice of you to call," said Amy, swallowing hard. "We're terribly sorry about this morning."

"Bother! The children have to learn sometime how to sit through church."

Somehow, they were all able to relax. Pastor Thomson extended an invitation for them to come again, and Amy smiled weakly at Bill.

Then it happened. The quiet was gone. The friendly smiles changed to frozen stares. Robin galloped into the room, with such rapidity that there was no stopping

him until he landed full force into the wall before him. That wall happened to be Pastor Thomson.

As Robin raised himself, the minister's coat was left covered with soft pads of dirt. One stubborn blob fell miserably into his lap.

"Gosh, look what I did!" remarked the boy lamely.

"Oh, Robin!" Amy said despairingly.

"A little brushing and washing up, and I'll be good as new," the minister said, trying to ease the situation.

Amy led Pastor Thomson to the kitchen, while Bill hauled Robin off to the bathroom. In short order, they had all congregated together again, none the worse for wear.

Pastor Thomson then reminded them that he had other calls. "Don't think any more about our little episode," he assured Amy.

"Robin and I are going to be good friends."

After Amy had closed the door behind him, she felt that the only thing left for her to do was to find the nearest bridge and jump. Weakly, she watched him go down the walk to his car.

Pastor Thomson hoped to reach his car quickly. He was chuckling, and knew that he was going to burst out laughing. He wanted to be out of earshot. He laughed more as he recalled episodes from his own boyhood, especially the time that he had thrown a mud pie at old Deacon Wharton, which landed in the back of his neck. His mother had sworn she would send him away to reform school afterward.

"Yes, sir," Pastor Thomson remarked to himself, "Robin has all the symptoms! Won't Mrs. Miller be surprised when he turns out to be a minister!"



## *Our Prayer*

Each day we pray God give us strength  
To do the tasks we do not wish to do;  
To yield obedience, not asking why;  
To love and own the truth and scorn the lie;  
To look a cold world bravely in the face;  
To cheer for those that pass us in the race;  
To bear all burdens gaily, unafraid;  
To lend a hand to those who need our aid,  
To measure what we are by what we give,  
God give us strength that we may rightly live.

—Julia W. Wolfe



# When Spring Comes



—Eva Luoma

by Frances T. Feazel

Spring is usually a happy time for children, for they enjoy watching the wonders of nature. What better way to spend a spring day than picking wild flowers in the woods with Mother!

Each of the four seasons has its special attractiveness, and I should not like to do without any one of them. The unvarying climate, no matter how ideal, is not for me. I doubt if I could really name a "favorite" season, but for sheer excitement I would choose spring without hesitation. Spring is the busiest season, the time when, most obviously, things happen. You can see and hear and smell them happening! Children who like action, excitement, "something doing," always can find it in a spring countryside, suburban yard, or city park.

A day comes when the sun feels noticeably warmer; the air softer; when brooks run a little faster and higher between their banks, fed by melting snows. Pussy willows poke out their soft little paws; sap rises in the trees, and farmers get out their sugar buckets. That is the day to take your children to visit a sugar farm. When days are warm and nights still cold, the sweet sap begins to rise toward each branch and tiny twig, and the delicious sugaring-off time has arrived. You may find the farmer hanging pails on spouts set into holes drilled into his maple trees, or bringing in the filled buckets. A child will like to watch the great boiling vats in which the sap is cooked down to a golden syrup. He will see it going into cans and bottles to become the wonderful trimming on someone's breakfast pancakes or waffles. He will watch while some of the syrup, cooked longer, crystallizes into fine maple sugar. What he will en-

joy most, however, is the sample that he is sure to be given—a taste of the sap, watery but sweet, a spoonful of golden-brown syrup, a gob of waxy, not-cooked-quite-enough sugar.

When the short sugar season ends, spring is really under way. Bright yellow dandelions, on a lawn yet scarcely green, wait to be picked by a small grubby hand and presented proudly to Mother as the first bouquet of the season. Warm showers encourage trees and plants to sprout tiny yellow-green leaves. The rain brings earthworms out of softened ground to squirm and crawl in every puddle. In the still evenings peepers shrill from every pond and ditch. Blossoms gild a forsythia bush which only last week was brown. As trees and flowers bloom, beehives hum with sudden activity.

Songbirds begin to appear, bringing the warm winds from winter homes far to the south. (Will the robin or the bluebird be earliest to arrive this year? Who will see him first?)

The nesting period soon begins. Everywhere birds gather leaves and moss, or fly about with bits of string, grasses, twigs, or mud, according to their nest-building habits. It is not always easy to see where they disappear with these materials; but a patient watcher may glimpse a high-hanging woven pocket belonging to an oriole, or the low, clumsy-looking clump of twigs and grass which is the catbird's home. Look high in a corner of an old barn or abandoned



shed for the mud-plastered nest of a barn swallow. Perhaps the easiest of all nests for a child to find and inspect is that of the cheerful and unafraid robin, who often builds his home very close to that of a human family, in a tree or bush just outside the house. While most mother birds do the housekeeping, the fathers sit nearby, filling the air with their trilling notes of joy and satisfaction. Listening to them, even a very small child will appreciate the ancient words, "The time of the singing of birds is come."

While the birds are preparing their homes, all the animal world busily digs burrows, makes nests, finds snug lairs, searches out hollows in trees, earth, or sand—each animal providing, through God's amazing gift of instinct, the best protection for its babies.

Fish hollow out holes in the mud for their eggs, or lay them among a heap of pebbles or among underwater plants to which they cling. The chipmunk and the woodchuck raise their families underground, protecting them by a series of rooms, tunnels, and back doors. Mother squirrel makes a nest of old leaves stuffed into a hollow tree or abandoned birds' nest. She lines the nest with bits of her own fur to make it warm and comfortable for her babies. Youngsters who have helped plan for the care and comfort of new babies will be interested to see that through God's all-inclusive plan for an orderly world, his small creatures, too, take special care of their young.

If your children want an absorbing spring project, take them to a swampy area where shallow grassy pools provide abundant underwater plants. Here you will find some of the clearest evidence that spring is the egg-and-baby season. Mother frogs annually lay thousands of jelly-like masses of eggs to float about until they become tadpoles and eventually frogs. In order to watch the fascinating development of life through these stages, take a mass of the eggs home in a jar, together with some of the underwater plants. The plants will keep the water fresh and later in the life cycle will feed the young tadpoles.

When a lovely spring day fills you with restless expectancy, making another hour in the house unbearable, it is time to take to the woods and fields on a wildflower hunt. A bit of friendly rivalry will add zest to this expedition. Who can find the first arbutus? Who will find the greatest variety of flowers?

The tiny pale pink blossoms of the arbutus are not always easy to see; but if you know where they hide, you will find them, peeping from under old leaves and pine needles. Violets, delicately colored hepaticas, and the red or pure-white trillium often are nearby. Less dainty, but equally an indication of the season, is the hooded, evil-smelling skunk cabbage, standing in marshy ground where you must guard against wet feet. Here, too, are the narrow blade-like leaves of blue flag, its blossoms a rich contrast to the bright gold of marsh marigolds; and here is jack-in-the-pulpit, always a flower to stir children's imaginations. An open field or sunny pasture may be dusted with the pale color of thousands of tiny

bluets, and wild strawberry's white blooms already give promise of summer's fruit.

Overhead are blossoms on the trees, the silver-gray catkins of poplars, the golden-green of birches, or the purplish-pink of redbuds. "Fair are the meadows, fairer still the woodlands, robed in the blooming garb of spring." The old hymn, long a children's favorite, is a perfect expression of all that they see around them.

While looking up at the trees, you may see a V-formation of wild geese pass overhead, flying north. Glancing down again, you may be startled by a snake wriggling out of last year's skin, abandoning it as he glides away in a sleek, up-to-date outfit. Or you may be lucky enough to see another of nature's miracles—a shimmering butterfly emerging from a dull gray cocoon to cling to a slim stalk or twig until its fragile wings dry sufficiently to bear it up and away. What better example could we have that the end of life in one form is but the beginning of another, brighter, more glorious, and free?

It is not only the world of nature, however, which has its signs of spring. Certain of man's activities mark the season as surely as do those of plants and animals, birds and fish.

Mothers, responding to all the natural beauty around them, work with mops, brooms, wax, and polish, to make their homes as fresh and clean as all the world outside. Fathers bring out rakes, tools, and paints in the lengthening evenings to "clean-up, fix-up, paint-up," as our city's slogan goes. Youngsters dig out roller skates, marbles, jump-ropes, and baseballs from winter hiding places in closets and basements. They also help with their parents' activities, dusting books or wielding paintbrushes, according to their ages and abilities. While farmers plow and plant, almost every homeowner or housewife longs to dig in the warm earth and help something grow. Children plead for gardens of their own, if only in a window box or flower pot. Everyone is busy and creative.

This seasonal upsurge of life and renewal of vigor comes to plants, animals, and man, not through any design or volition of their own, but as an expression of God's immeasurable power at work in his orderly world. Spring follows winter as surely as night follows day.

Seeing the infinite variety of spring's loveliness, we all, children and adults alike, become conscious of God as the Creator, most aware that he continually re-creates. Together we repeat familiar verses: "Behold, I make all things new"; "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof"; "The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come." And together we humbly pray, in the words of Mary S. Edgar's lovely hymn,

"God, who touchest earth with beauty,  
Make me lovely too.  
With thy Spirit re-create me,  
Make my heart anew."





IT'S



*Fun*



TO HAVE SIX CHILDREN



by C. Aubrey Hearn



It's a lot of fun to have six children. Of course, it is expensive, and it keeps my wife and me busy sometimes eighteen hours a day. But the compensations are far greater than any sacrifices that we have to make.

I am constantly surprised that people should regard our family of eight as large. Once when we went on our vacation by plane, the airline asked to take a picture of our family boarding the plane. When it came out in one of the local newspapers, it bore the headline: "One Man's Family Swamps Airline!" The article declared that when we got on the plane, a sizable portion of the airline's system was required, not to mention the two automobiles that were necessary to bring us and our luggage to the airport! When we returned, some of our friends asked us if the plane was chartered!

We are used to such teasing and take it good-naturedly, but we suspect that some of our friends feel sorry for us. Some of them give us the impression that we must feel sorry for ourselves. Nothing could be further from the truth.

The amusing things that happen when there are six children provide us with many chuckles and sometimes momentary embarrassment. How can I forget the time when I had all five (at that time) children with me in church without my wife to help look after them! Marcia, aged three, and Mildred, aged five, had slipped away from the nursery to sit with us. I was concentrating upon the sermon and paying little attention to the children, since they were quiet. Presently, I looked around to find Marcia brandishing a toy pistol. She had taken it from a large purse which she was carrying. The people sitting nearby were much amused. I quickly confiscated the pistol, breathed a sigh of relief, and settled down to hear the sermon.

In a few moments I heard the sound of many coins spilling on the floor. I discovered that Mildred had brought along her small purse containing a hundred pennies, and had decided that this was a good time to count them. But just as she opened the purse, it fell on the floor and pennies went in all direc-

tions. Before I could recover from my dismay, the two little girls were on their knees, crawling under benches, retrieving the pennies! I learned something that day, but not from the sermon.

Sometimes children have a peculiar propensity for saying the wrong thing. Once when a honeymoon couple were our dinner guests, Marcia asked them if they were going to have a baby. On another occasion when we had dinner guests, Mildred said: "Mother, you didn't clean this corn-on-the-cob. There are hairs on it!" After I had had an attack of asthma, I overheard one of the children telling a friend that I had been suffering from amnesia!

Some years ago we had a maid, Ruby, living in the house. One morning I kissed the children good-bye, as was my custom, before leaving for work. Then I kissed my wife. Just as I was ready to leave, Nancy called, "Wait, Daddy, you forgot to kiss Ruby!"

On Christmas Eve our family used to sing Christmas carols for the Fannie Battle Day Home. Then one of the children would



take a box to the door to receive an offering for the home. One January night our two-year-old insisted that we sing carols at some houses as we did on Christmas Eve. To pacify her we went to a vacant house down the street, stood in the front yard, and sang several carols. Alas, a neighbor heard us and phoned to inform us that Christmas was forty-eight weeks off!

It is not uncommon for new words to be coined by the children. Once after eating a banana one of the children said, "Mother, my hands are all nannery." The latest word to be coined was "amazing," which isn't a bad addition to the language.

When I was in Europe last year, one of the children wrote me: "Hurry home. I am anxious to see what you brought me!" One Halloween evening I took Suzanne "spooking." When I called on her to lead the prayer at the breakfast table the next morning, she entreated, "Lord, help all the ghosts and the hobgoblins to become Christians!"

For family fun we like to sing. My wife plays the piano, and we all gather around. We are espe-

cially fond of folk songs, our favorites being from Switzerland, Italy, Czechoslovakia, and the Americas. On rainy days the children give impromptu or original plays, dress up in costumes, or play school. Charles is fond of legerdemain, and on occasion gives exhibitions of his tricks of magic. They all like to try their hand at writing rhymes, verses, and short stories (usually quite incredulous), drawing pictures, or composing songs.

For outdoor recreation we prefer badminton, tennis, and swimming. All the children love to ride a bike but have to take turns on the two that we have. Charles is fond of baseball and football and is a member of his college fencing team. Reading is a favorite with all of the children, and we are constantly alert to book sales. Our children keep themselves and us trekking to the library to provide enough books for them.

The coming of Suzanne in the spring of 1949 provided us with a lot of excitement. The children were all expecting a little brother, as we had had four girls in a row. I don't think it occurred to them that the baby might be a girl. But

when Suzanne came home from the hospital, the girls went wild with glee. Nancy said, "Her feet look like old crow's feet!" Mildred remarked, "Oh, she's adorable! When she cries, she sounds like a kitten!" Mary Alice declared, "I like her when she wiggles!" It was a new experience for Marcia, the next oldest, and she commented, "This is the first time I've ever had a baby!" Charles was disappointed because he didn't get a brother. When asked how he liked his baby sister, he confessed, "Well, she's better than nothing, I guess, and about that size."

A few days after we welcomed Suzanne, I called upon Mildred to return thanks at the breakfast table. She thanked God for her baby sister, and added: "And, dear God, when we have another baby, let it be a girl." My wife and I exchanged surprised glances. I remarked, "Mildred, you have a new baby sister, and now you are asking God for another one!" She explained, "Well, you see, it's like this. We asked God for a little brother, and he sent a sister. So now we are asking for a sister so we will get a brother!"

It's fun to be the father of six!

## Proper Names in Common Words

by Sue H. Wollam

A proper name will fit each of the definitions listed below. See how many you can answer correctly.

1. Paper currency. Also, notice of a debt
2. To take legal proceedings to court
3. An English policeman
4. A spinning wheel
5. A flower (speedwell)
6. A shrub of the mint family, used in cookery
7. Sincere
8. Outspoken
9. A male cat
10. A Christmas song
11. A waterfall or pool
12. An affectionate gesture of the hand
13. A mark made with a pencil
14. The head of an institution of higher learning
15. A twilled cotton cloth used for overalls
16. To leap or burst forth; a flight of fancy

## ANSWERS

16. Sally
15. Jean
14. Dean
13. Dot
12. Pat
11. Lynn
10. Carol
9. Tom
8. Frank
7. Ernest
6. Rosemary
5. Veronica
4. Jenny
3. Bobby
2. Sue
1. Bill



# TEEN-ESSENCE

by D. Maxine Cottrell

*Teen-agers can be a pretty bewildering lot sometimes—  
but their situation isn't bopeless.*

Down with the house lights! The curtain is going up! The production is "Life," and the star performer is Jack, age 17 (or 19, or 15).

On his stage, Jack enacts his drama of contrasts, or extremes. One moment he may be happy and gay; the next, sad and melancholy; dependent, independent; ambitious, lazy; deeply religious, boldly atheistic. Always he is acutely aware of his uniqueness, his "aloneness" on the stage. He longs to give a good, satisfying performance but is secretly unsure of just how to achieve it.

Behind the actor there must necessarily be the many persons who make his production possible—the writer, the "angels," the director, stage hands, property and wardrobe committees, etc. All of these are necessary for the performance, but they are never seen by the audience. And so it is with Jack. If his production staff (the home) is solidly behind him, he can go "on stage" and give a good performance; but "the angels" must forever remain behind the scenes.

Jack's backstage helpers are many: his home, school, church, community, and friends, but most of all his home. There it is that he gains the feeling of security essential to his well-being.

Security for the teen-ager is so basic and so comprehensive that it could almost be said to be the whole framework of his needs. The various parts of security are love, faith, and a positive hope for the future.

If, as we are often told, a child's character is formed by the time he reaches school age, parents of teen-agers might just as well turn out the light and go to bed. Presumably, they have already failed or

succeeded. It is true that basic character traits are molded early; but after a house is built, you know, one can always add a picture window or an extra room.

By the time that Jack has reached his teens, he should have behind him a long and satisfying history of love. Whether or not this is the case, he needs love *now*. An anxious mother sometimes feels that Jack no longer wants love, because he repulses any overture of affection. He wants love expressed in terms of equality.

He yearns to be treated like an intelligent being with a workable mind of his own. Loving a teen-ager is like holding a bird in the hand. It must not be confined, for its heart beats wildly, and every atom of its being strains for freedom. Love for a teen-ager must be held tenderly, loosely in the open palm. He needs to feel that strength and love of the supporting hand and at the same time be free to try his wings as he needs.

Nor can real love be an Alice-sit-by-the-fire who tends only to her own knitting. It must reach out in increasingly larger circles to include not only the home, but friends, community, and theoretically all mankind. It involves "giving" just as surely as it does "getting." Thus, the teen-ager whose growing independence is equally balanced by increasing responsibility, is happy and adjusted.

Of this very stuff faith is built: faith not in a formal creed of "I believe—" but a faith gained from experience (by association with persons and with God's natural world) to know that God is good and that man can be an instrument of that good.



To the teen-ager standing on such a faith and surrounded by the warmth of a loving home, the future could be none other than a thrilling, growing process.

Two high school sophomores, Tim and Danny, were at the same time introduced to the science of biology. Both were intrigued. At home Danny was encouraged to set up a basement laboratory, wherein he dissected frogs, mended broken canine limbs, bred countless rats, etc. His expanding interest was captured, challenged, and today Danny is a medical student eager to be on with his studies and his lifework.

Tim's home took no interest whatever in his newfound thrill in science (nor in any of his other activities). Consequently, Tim sought an outlet in loafing, gang force, abnormal sex experimentation, and is now doing "time" for a crime against society. Such deplorable waste of human ability might well have been prevented, and instead there could have been two young doctors in the making.

The mind of a teen-ager might be described as a two-way radio antenna for the receiving and the transmitting of ideas. So active are these minds that they reach out like hooks to grasp new ways and new thrills. All of this mental energy must find an outlet. If it does not find a constructive outlet, it will surely find a destructive one.

The "growing pains" of adolescence can be greatly eased, if not erased, by a lot of "letting out at the seams." This room for expansion should be supplied by the home environment. Occasionally, a favorite teacher or revered counselor sparks the fire; but the job of the home is always the supporting, the encouraging "production staff."

Tests have been made of various teaching methods to determine the way most conducive to learning. Tested were (1) the way of love, wherein loving guidance was used to stimulate in the children a greater incentive to learn; (2) the employing of dis-

cipline to the extent of force; and (3) complete freedom of action with no supervision at all. It goes almost without saying that the way of love far excelled the other methods. To the amazement of many, the poorest method of all was the third, where the children acted purely on impulse. The reason is sound: no one cared enough about them to help them or discipline them. Even under too-strict control, learning was advanced considerably because someone *cared*.

Parental caring (loving) does not consist in gold-plating the spoon that feeds the child—in the form of high-style clothes, spending money, and cars. It does consist in a giving of self to the child in time and interest shown in him and in his activities. Therefore, the second job of the home is to provide the proper climate for growth, a culture medium, as it were, for developing active young minds and bodies.

The wiener roast was rapidly turning into a "blanket party." As the campfire burned low, pairs of lovers sequestered themselves on the private isles of their picnic blankets, absorbed in each other's charms.

Jill stalled. She stirred the dying coals; she toasted still another marshmallow; she busied herself arranging and rearranging the leftover foods.

"Come on, Jill," Ronnie, her date, urged. "Don't be a square!"

"No!" Jill protested defiantly, the color flaming high in her cheeks. "I'm going home!"

Quickly, she gathered her belongings; and as Ronnie helped her to his nearby car, they both crimsoned again as a modern Romeo remarked, "Poor Ronnie! Stuck with a cube!"

The need to belong is so great within the teen-ager that he sometimes will go to any length to be one of the gang. Even when his morals are at stake, he

—Photo by erb



One day your teen-ager may be the life of the party, just bubbling over with *joie de vivre*. The next day, unfortunately, may bring about a total metamorphosis.



cannot, of his own strength alone, resist. He lives in horror of being "different."

By recognizing this basic need to belong, the home can help the youth establish his own standards of conformity and non-conformity. With confidence and love to back him he will learn to conform in the non-essentials, such as clothes and use of teen-age jargon; but he will have the courage to stand pat in the important things that threaten his morals or his individuality.

If he experiences belonging in the home, school (i.e., sports, band, clubs), and church groups, his *esprit de corps* will have been at least somewhat satisfied. He needs a lot of belonging to his own age group but not to the exclusion of all others. The teen years are a normal part of the growing-up process and should not be regarded as a painful state to be "endured." An eager freshman, with a sense of humor, concluded a required theme on the subject of

his age group with the observation, "Sometimes I think teen-agers have more fun than people."

At home he must be needed (his labors and his ideas) for the mutual benefit of the family. Jill may know that she is the darling of her family; but she also knows that she must soil her hands daily with household chores to retain her position as a useful, functioning member of the group.

Only a minimum of rules (made with his counsel) will be necessary if the teen-ager is allowed to express freely his ideas, his desires, and his fears within the sound-proof walls of home. Even problems of such gigantic importance as popularity and sex can be worked out satisfactorily. Given complete freedom of expression, he may orate loud and long on his "shocking" theories on life and love. In the process, however, he will have absorbed the warmth and understanding of his family, which enables him to go "on stage" and give a commendable performance.

## A Gentle Husband to His Wife

You are married to a fellow with a nature that is mellow—

I am never moved to bellow like a churl.

I can face a problem coolly though it taxes me unduly,

So I feel that you're a truly lucky girl.

Oh, I may act grouchy sometimes, and it's possible these glum times

Tend to cause you slightly bum times, Little Dear.

In the morning I am gloomy, and the coffee that you brew me

Must be excellent to woo me back to cheer.

There's a chance I cause you tension when I speak with reprehension

Of a shopping bill's dimension, and perhaps

I annoy you by deploring your appeals concerning choring

When these labors, which are boring, spoil my naps.

Now and then a situation sets me feeling irritation,

And my great consideration rather dims;

But I'm not a constant fumer—I'm a radiant illumer

Of our dwelling when you humor all my whims.

All in all, you're lucky—very—, and you ought to stay so merry

That you outsing our canary all his life;

And you ought to love me dearly, for such men as I are clearly

Not abundant—there is merely

One per wife.

—Richard Wheeler.





# The Luck

by Loie Brandom

Whether you're Irish, or whether you're not,  
If you'll come to our party, 'twill help a lot,  
To bring you luck. And it might be too,  
That some Pat or Bridget new to you,  
Will catch your fancy, and you will find,  
A life-long friend of just the right kind.  
So be sure to come, on the date listed below,  
Even though gusty March winds may blow.  
And wear a bit o' Shamrock green,  
'Twill be your ticket to this festive scene.

Date	Place	Hour
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Of course, the scene will be festive in its party dress of green and white crepe paper streamers, bouquets of shamrocks, and prominently displayed objects all suggestive of the Emerald Isle and St. Patrick's Day.

**A Hearty Irish Welcome.** Pat and Bridget, wearing Irish costumes, will greet the guests at the door and will be assisted by a number of colleens who conduct them to the room where they are to remove their wraps. The guests are then escorted into the main room, where they are greeted by Mike and Molly, also in costume. The guests, as they arrive, are each presented with a large piece of white taffy and requested to put it in their mouths at once, and then take their places in the receiving line to help greet the other guests as they arrive. They will at once discover the difficulties of trying to make conversation under these circumstances; but as each new arrival is placed under the same handicap, the results will be most amusing. An assistant hostess should also be at the end of the reception line, as it extends itself, to

see that each one not only has his big blob of taffy in his mouth, but that he takes his place at the end of the line as he comes to it.

**An Irish Relay Race.** When it is time to break up the receiving line, assemble the contestants for the following race. Each team may consist of as many as four or six players. Line them up behind the starting tape, and hand the leader of each team a fan and an empty eggshell. (These are obtained by pricking a hole in each end of the shell and blowing out the contents.) At the middle of the course two shillelaghs are placed on the floor about a foot apart. At the signal, GO, the first player on each team must put his eggshell on the floor and start fanning it to the goal line at the other end of the room, making it pass between the two shillelaghs. When he crosses the goal line, he must then start back in the same manner to reach his team, where he touches off the number two runner, who repeats the performance. If a shell is broken, another one is supplied; but the contestant must return to the starting tape and begin again. The real fun comes when several players reach the shillelagh obstacle at the same time and the fans propel not only their own eggshells, but those of the other contestants. Or if some leaders have gotten a better start, and are on their way back, they may meet the others at the obstacle. That really complicates matters.

**Irish Games.** The following suggestions are for games which may all be kept going at the same time, each guest choosing for himself the one that he prefers to play.

**Green, White, and Gold.** Upon a tray dump a pile of peanuts-in-the-shell, the shells of which have been colored in green, white, and gold. Each player selects two ordinary wooden toothpicks from their container. All play at the same time, and each contestant must lift peanuts from the tray, aided only by his pair of picks, and transfer them to his own individual pile. When time is called, the scoring starts. The white peanuts count 5 points each, the green ones, 10 points, and the gold ones, 15. Of course, there are not nearly so many gold peanuts in the pile to be obtained, which evens up the scoring.



# the Irish



**The Irish Wheel of Fortune.** A wheel from a boy's small wagon or a little girl's doll buggy can be disguised with green crepe paper, and placed flat side up over the peg upon which it is to spin. An arrow is fashioned out of cardboard or tin, covered with silver paper and fastened on the top side of the wheel, allowing it to extend slightly beyond the edge. The wheel is then placed on a large sheet of white cardboard, which has been divided into thirteen segments. A burlesqued fortune is written on each white segment with green ink. When the spinning wheel stops, the arrow will be pointing to one of the sayings. Some examples of what may come to view for the spinner could be the following:

You may meet someone with taking ways. Keep your hand on your pocketbook.

Eat three square meals a day, and you will never go hungry, but you may be a square.

Only advice is given free. You must work for what you want.

Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall not be disappointed.

If you would be a clinging vine, hunt for a sturdy oak.

**A Search for Pat.** For those guests who like the more quiet, sit-down games the following will be interesting. Distribute paper and pencils to the players and announce that a prize will be won by the contestant who can write down the most words containing PAT. Examples are, patriarch, patient, patio, patronize, patrol, pathos, patience, path, patent, patch, pate, patriot, patter, pattern, and so on.

**The Pats and Mikes Play Ball.** A dozen green Ping-pong balls, made that way by having been dipped in green vegetable coloring, are placed in a row down the center of a long table. The Pats take their places on one side of the table; the Mikes, on the other. The object of the game is to blow the balls off the opponent's side and allow none to be blown off their own side. The scorekeeper calls a foul whenever a ball is stopped by a player's face, and the side is penalized one point. Each opponent's ball blown off the table counts ten points for the side getting it off if it touches the floor. If one of the opposition players

catches it before it touches the floor, it counts only five points against them. A scorekeeper must be on his toes, as well as must all the players.

Prizes may be anything suggestive of Ireland, such as a copy of a poem by an Irish writer, a disc recording of some well-known Irish melody, a book of Irish jokes, or a pot of shamrocks. A green necktie for a male winner would be appropriate, while an Irish linen handkerchief or scarf would be welcomed by a female winner.

Refreshments of lime punch and shamrock-shaped cakes iced with green frosting will carry out the color scheme of the evening.





# Worship in the family with children

## To Use with Younger Children

### God's Good Plan

The big apple tree that grew just outside Bobby's window had been there a long, long time. Bobby thought that its branches always had been bare.

One day Bobby looked at the tree. It looked different. "Mother," he called, "look at the apple tree. It looks different."

Mother came and stood beside him. "The tree is waking up from its long winter sleep," she said. "Soon it will be covered with blossoms."

"Why?" Bobby asked.

"That is God's plan for trees in spring," Mother said.

Sure enough, the tree soon was covered with pretty pink and white flowers.

After a while, the flowers began to drop off. "What is the matter with the tree?" Bobby asked one day.

"Nothing," Daddy answered.

"But the flowers are falling off," Bobby said.

Daddy held a branch down where Bobby could see it. "Do you see that little green ball?" Daddy asked.

Bobby nodded.

*H. Armstrong Roberts*



"That is a little baby apple. It will grow every day. In the fall it will be ready to eat."

"Why?" Bobby asked.

"That is God's plan for apples," Daddy answered.

One day some robins flew to the tree. They flew around and around in its branches. One of them sang and sang and sang! Then Bobby saw some pieces of dry grass on a branch close to his window.

"Mother," he said, "where did those pieces of grass come from?"

"Stand very still and watch," Mother said.

Bobby stood still. He watched. Soon a robin flew back to the tree. He was building a nest!

One day when Bobby looked out the window, there was a little sky-blue egg in the nest.

"Come quick," he called to Mother. "Come and see the little egg!"

Mother came and looked. "There probably will be more eggs," she said.

Soon there were four little sky-blue eggs in the robin's nest.

"Why?" Bobby wanted to know.

"That is God's plan for baby birds," Mother said.

"God has lots of plans, doesn't he?" Bobby asked.

"A plan for apples, and a plan for birds."

"Yes," Mother said, "and a plan for people, too."

"What is his plan for people?" Bobby asked.

"He plans for them to grow, and to think, and to learn how to work with his plans so that they can help in his work," Mother answered. "God's plans are good plans."

"I'm glad for his good plans," Bobby said.

"And I am, too!" said Mother.

### Theme for March:

## My World in Spring

### A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.



# To Use with Older Children

## A Song of Praise

Francis of Assisi was a great and good man who lived long, long ago. As a youth, he lived a life of pleasure, wealth, and ease. He and his friends got into all sorts of escapades. Francis was severely ill while he was imprisoned for more than a year. This led him to think about the way he had lived. He determined then to devote the rest of his life to God.

Francis loved all of God's creatures, and, we are told, preached to them as he wandered about the countryside helping people.

St. Francis, as he was called, loved God dearly. Because his heart was overflowing with this love, he expressed it by singing songs of praise. We know some of these verses and songs.

The song printed on this page was one of the last that Francis ever composed. He was sick. He was almost blind. He was hurrying home to die. On the way, he stopped to say good-by to a group of friends. They took care of him and cheered him. As he grew a little better, they often heard him laughing and singing in the little hut that they had built for him to live in during his visit. One day as he sat down at the table for his meal, he was lost in thought for a while. Finally, he looked up at his friends and said, "Praise be to God!" He had just composed the words to the song printed here.

Of course, these words are not just as Francis composed them, for his language was Latin. They have been translated into English so that we can sing them. The thought remains much as it was in the original. The greatest change is in the fact that Francis always referred to "brother" sun, "sister" moon, "brother" wind, "sister" water, "brother" fire, and "mother" earth. This last phrase has been retained in the translation.

This song can express for us our joy in the return of the spring, and our praise to God for his good plan for the earth.

## Spring Thanks

I saw spring today:

Daffodil, and tulip red,  
Violets springing from their bed,  
Boys' kites sailing overhead;  
Thank you, God, for spring!

I heard spring today:

Whispering leaves, raindrops' patter,

Song of birds, chipmunks' chatter,  
Wild ducks' call, children's laughter;

Thank you, God, for spring.

—Jessie B. Carlson

## A Prayer

Dear Father, it has been fun to care for the little wild rabbit that Spot brought home to us. We are glad that he was not badly hurt, and that he is well now. We know that he will be happier out in the field than here in a pen. Thank you, God, for planning for little wild animals. Thank you for helping them to find homes and food just right for them. Amen.

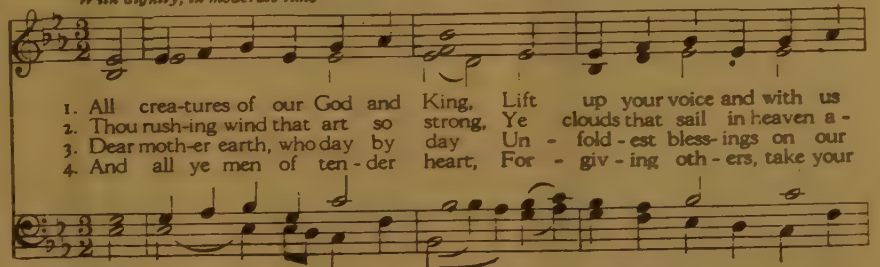
—Frances Bourne Taft

## All Creatures of Our God and King

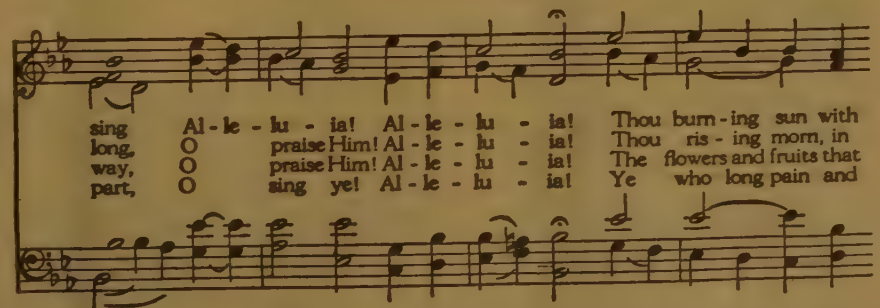
LASST UNS ERFREUEN. 8. 8. 4. 4. 8. 8. with Alleluias

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, 1182-1226  
Tr. by WILLIAM H. DRAPER, 1855-1933  
With dignity, in moderate time

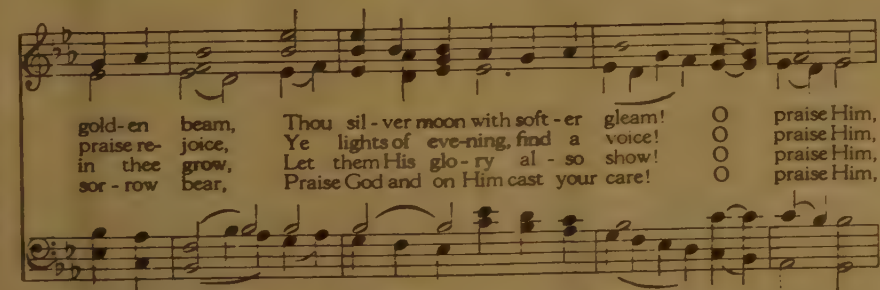
Melody from GEISTLICHE KIRCHENSANG, 1623



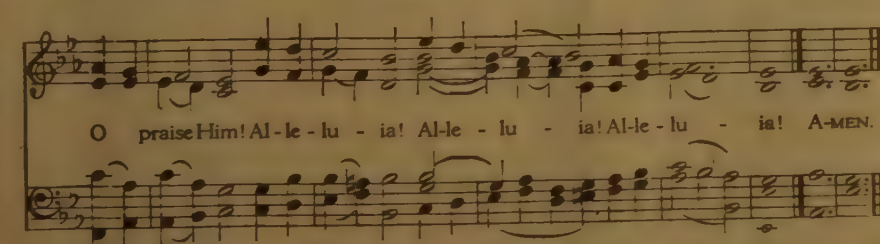
1. All crea-tures of our God and King, Lift up your voice and with us  
2. Thou rush-ing wind that art so strong, Ye clouds that sail in heaven a -  
3. Dear moth-er earth, who day by day Un - fold - est bless-ings on our  
4. And all ye men of ten-der heart, For - giv - ing oth - ers, take your



sing Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Thou burn-ing sun with  
long, O praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! Thou ris - ing morn, in  
way, O praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! The flowers and fruits that  
part, O sing ye! Al - le - lu - ia! Ye who long pain and



gold-en beam, Thou sil-ver moon with soft-er gleam! O praise Him,  
praise re- joice, Ye lights of eve-ning, find a voice! O praise Him,  
in thee grow, Let them His glo-ry al-so show! O praise Him,  
sor-row bear, Praise God and on Him cast your care! O praise Him,



O praise Him! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

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1, England.



# For Family Worship

## Worship Center:

If it is your custom to arrange a worship or beauty center to help to create a worshipful mood in your home, you will find that many materials are available at this time of year. Bursting pussy willows, forsythia laden with golden bells, baby leaves unfurling from brown stems, or sweet-smelling honeysuckle will bring the feeling of spring indoors. If spring comes late to your locality, blooming narcissus or other bulbs growing in water are a lovely sight.

The Bible, open to a verse or passage that tells of God's good plan for recurring life, will add to the attractiveness of such a center.

## Call to Worship:

"While the earth remains, seedtime and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease."

Genesis 8:22.

**Song:** Sing the song on page 19, or choose from among the following songs found in the primary pupils' books: "All Things Bright and Beautiful," year two, spring quarter, page 6; "For the Beauty of the Earth," year three, summer quarter, page 6; or "God Made Us a Beautiful World," year three, summer quarter, page 18.

**Poem:** Use one of the poems printed on these worship pages or choose from the following found in the primary pupils' books: "God Takes Care of Everything," year one, fall quarter, page 25; "Only God Can Know," year one, spring quarter, page 11; "This Earth of Ours," year two, fall quarter, page 22; "I Love God's Tiny Creatures," year two, spring quarter, page 5.

**Meditation:** Plan your own meditation based upon a favorite passage of scripture, upon the "Call to Worship," or use "Our Father's Will," found in the primary pupil's book, year two, fall quarter, page 21.

**Song:** Sing another song from the list suggested above.

**Prayer:** Pray your own prayer; use the one printed on page 19 if that fits into a situation that you have experienced; adapt it to a similar situation that your family has enjoyed; or use the one printed here:

"Dear God, thank you for the beauty and orderliness of your world. We are glad that we can depend upon its sure laws so that spring always follows winter. Help us to learn how to work with your good laws so we can help care for little creatures. Amen."

## A Bible Poem

Thou makest springs gush forth in the valleys;  
they flow between the hills,  
they give drink to every beast of the field;  
the wild asses quench their thirst.  
By them the birds of the air have their habitation;  
they sing among the branches.  
From thy lofty abode thou waterest the mountains;  
the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy work.

—Psalm 104:10-13.

## Dear God, I Thank You

Dear God, I thank you for the signs  
That tell me spring is near.  
Today I heard a robin sing,  
My first one of the year.

I saw a little bit of green  
Come pushing its way through,  
Where Mother planted crocus bulbs,  
Of pink, and white, and blue.

The sun gets up much earlier.  
Today I think he said,  
"You lazy, little child, it's time  
That you were out of bed!"

—Belle Chapman Morrill

## Springtime

The sky is clear,  
The sun is bright,  
For spring is here,  
A warm delight.

The robins sing,  
The flowers nod,  
Agreeing spring  
Has come from God.

—Florence Pedigo Jansson

—H. Armstrong Roberts





# Peter's Banded Bird

by Julia W. Wolfe

All through the lovely summer days Peter Rice had been calling certain robins "his own birds." There was one big robin in particular that he fed, and it had become almost tame. In the spring the robin had built a nest under the roof of the porch. Peter could look into it from his bedroom. First he saw the light blue eggs. Then there were the funny-looking tiny birds. He watched the mother bird feed them. Now it was getting cool weather and time for the birds to fly south. Peter knew that he was going to miss them. He hated to see his pet robin go.

Just at this time, Peter's Uncle Ned came to the Rice home. He brought with him a wire cage.

"What is that for, Uncle Ned?" asked Peter.

"I use it to catch birds, so that I can band them," answered Uncle Ned.

"Band birds? What for?"

"You know I am employed by our government to care for wild life and to learn all I can about birds and small animals. My farm is a 'bird sanctuary,'" said Uncle Ned. "No bird can be killed or harmed on my farm. I have built places where birds can bathe and can have water to drink. I put out food for them. I do everything except build their nests to make life happy for them. I also study their habits. Birds, you know, Peter, are valuable to gardeners and farmers. We should have more song birds these days. Years ago people thought nothing of killing beautiful birds."

"My, your work must be fun," said Peter.

"It is. And, too, the govern-

ment wishes to know more about the habits of birds; where they spend their winters, what routes they take, and whether the same birds return to old nesting places in spring. So on the birds I catch I put a tiny band with a number."

"Oh, do you mean that you can catch my robin and band him so that we shall know where he went from here?"

"We can try," said Uncle Ned.

So Uncle Ned placed his trap on the ground where Peter said that he usually fed his bird. Uncle Ned made a little path of seeds leading to the trap and put some more seeds inside of it. Then Peter and his uncle went into the house so that the bird would not see them.

At about six o'clock that evening, the two looked at the trap. No bird was in it. So Uncle Ned said, "I am going to close the trap for the night. I do not wish any bird to remain in it overnight. It might try to get out and harm itself by beating against the wires."

Early the next morning Peter and his uncle were out on the lawn to set the trap again. Uncle Ned had a small box of netting in one hand.

"Come, Peter," he said, "and we will look at the trap." Sure enough, they found a robin fluttering inside. Peter was sure that it was his own bird. He had managed somehow to squeeze into the trap. Uncle Ned put the net box at one end of the trap where there was a door. He opened that, and then gently coaxed the bird into the box. When it was safely inside, Uncle Ned reached in his

(Continued on page 28)





# Moving Can Be

"Aw, I don't wanna move! I like it *here!* Mike and Dan are here—and I'll *never* find any kids like them—and I'm used to this house—!"

Any one of us has probably either heard or will hear words like these from one of our own children. Because America is on the move today. *Thirty-five million* of us move every year. We build new homes; we transfer from one job to another; we change climates for reasons of health; we move from the country to the city and from the city to the suburbs and from the suburbs to the exurbs; and we move from the green grass here to the greener grass over there. What does this mean to our children? Does it inevitably mean unhappiness, frustration, and loss of security?

Probably, we first need to take a look at our family as it is at this moment. Are our children secure within the family group? Sure of the routines of eat-

Your children will be happier in their new surroundings if they find a church that makes a special effort to welcome them.

—Clark and Clark



ing and sleeping and working and playing? Eager to share the triumphs of the day and certain of solace and love—and, yes, discipline, if needed—for the bad times? Two small six-year-old boys were on vacation many miles from their homes during the summer. Brian announced that he would run back home and get another bucket that they felt they needed, to which Phil replied with a touch of scorn in his voice, "Aw, you can't *run* back home. It's a *thousand, thousand* miles from here!" Brian was startled at first. Then you could see assurance settle over him as he announced in the most positive of tones. "This is home. We eat here and sleep here and Mom and Dad and Jim and Dave and Trixie are here." Away he marched—"home" to get his bucket. For this child moving would never hold any terrors. He knew what home was all about. It was the family, eating and sleeping, working and loving, worshiping and playing together, wherever they happened to be.

Now we all know that this is an over-simplification. It is one of those generalizations that are true, but—. Not all of us have been able to build this kind of family relationship; or if we have, we haven't been able to do it for all the members of the family. This does not mean that we must therefore conclude that we are failures as parents and that moving our children will probably make things even worse. Actually, moving may provide us with that second (or third, or fourth) chance that we humans are always seeking. The place to take hold of it is at the time that we make our decision to move. If we are to have a family like that of which Brian was a part, we must involve every member from Grandma down through five-year-old Jane in the plans. A school superintendent, who moved his family to a new community when his daughter was a junior in high school, said that if he could have foreseen the unhappiness and frustration that she was to endure in the new school, he would have forfeited the added prestige and salary that went with the new job and stayed in the old community to permit his daughter to finish high school. Now of course, there are times when it is impossible to allow such considerations to interfere with a given move. Nevertheless, the children's needs and desires should be given real consideration. The move should be discussed with them and their comments and suggestions listened to with attention and respect. All of us feel better about any decision if we have had a real part of making it. Even if the decision was not our choice, we are less inclined to be resentful if we



# Fun

know that a real effort was made to meet our objections.

Chaos and moving are inseparable companions. This does not mean that we as parents cannot do much to ease our children through this experience. The Luter family did it thus: The first night in their new home, instead of waiting until the children were crying with fatigue and frustration, Mrs. Luter took them upstairs immediately after supper and helped them prepare for bed. She made sure that three-year-old Tommy had the disreputable stuffed turtle that he had slept with ever since he could remember. Meanwhile, Mr. Luter, with the help of the older boy, shoved back the odd assortment of boxes, crates, and bundles that always seem to accompany a family when they move, and made a clear space in front of the fireplace. They built a fire, spread pillows around on the floor, called the rest of the family, and they all gathered together around the fire. Mr. Luter read some verses from the Bible. They sang a few songs; then prayed for the friends whom they had left behind and thanked God for their new home. The children were tucked into bed after this with all the rituals to which they were accustomed. Not too long after, instead of indulging in futile attempts to get settled, the parents also went to bed, knowing that the next day would be easier for everyone if they had all had sufficient rest.

Finding happiness in a new community is finding friends. If our children do *not* find friends, nothing will make them anything but miserable in their new home. Parents can help here, especially with small children, most of whose leisure hours will be spent within the immediate neighborhood. Unfortunately, we parents are all too often more concerned about the beauty of our yards and the neatness of our homes than we are about the happiness of our children. We have all kinds of perfectly respectable reasons that we give ourselves for keeping the children off the grass, the broken-down bikes out of our yards, and the sticky hands off our freshly painted walls. They are just so much camouflage thrown up to keep us from taking too close a look at what we really think is important. Children and grass are mutually and forever incompatible. So—when you move into a new neighborhood, put up your play equipment, drag out your old cardboard boxes, fill the cookie jar (with store cookies until you get the pots and pans put

away), and invite in the neighborhood children. Your Johnnie and Suzie and Peter won't have any trouble making friends. With certain obvious modifications the same general rule goes for your teen-agers. Children and young people gather where they are welcome; and if this is your home and yard, then your youngsters, in their own language, "have it made."

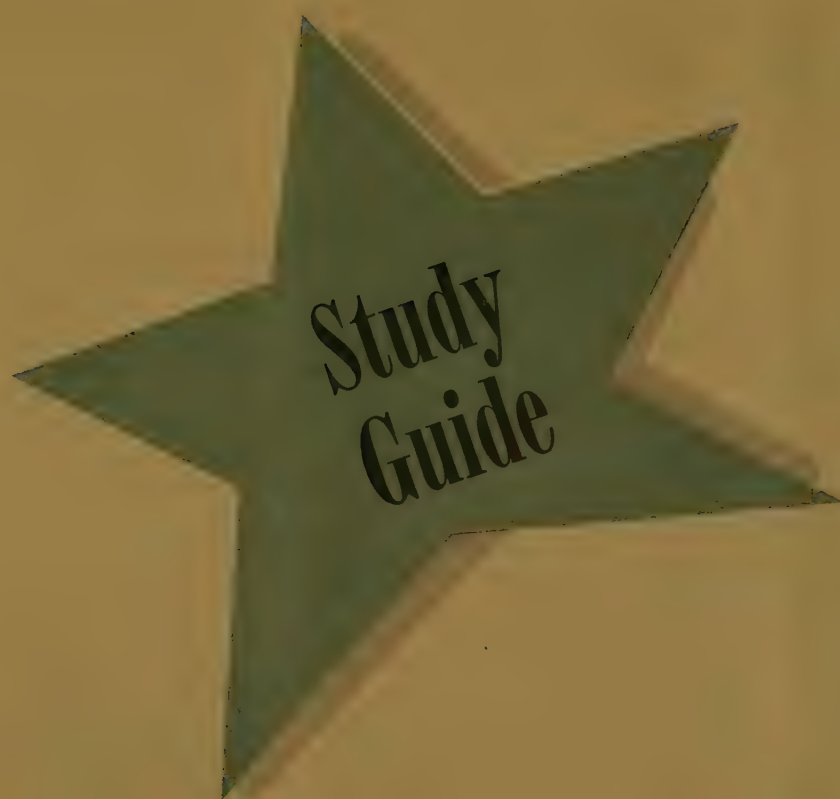
The local church can help a family through this difficult time in many ways, two that I should like to mention in particular.

First, for the small child, just being in a Sunday church school class with others of his own age, if that class has intelligent and trained leadership concerned with integrating new children, means much. One five-year-old was started in kindergarten in a school somewhat removed from the neighborhood of his church. He disliked it from the first day, and his parents finally felt that they must do something. They discovered that he could be transferred to a school just two blocks from the family's church home. This was done; and the first day he came home beaming, with the statement, "Tommy's in my school. I know him at Sunday school." That was "his school" from that day forward.

It is harder for a teen-ager to adjust, probably because teen-agers find it more difficult to be spontaneously friendly than do small children. Mike may come to a church school class or a youth group for many, many Sundays and never feel that he has made a friend. One possible solution to this is to assign Mike to a member of the group as his special responsibility. This boy would call on Mike in his home, find out some things about him, and bring him to church school and introduce him to the group, sharing with them some of the things that he has learned. For a few Sundays after this, he should keep Mike as his particular responsibility—until Mike has come to feel that he really belongs to the group.

Moving for children is a kind of dying. They leave an old home with a very real feeling that they are saying "good-by" forever. We as Christians learn that all of living is a kind of dying—a dying to old life and waking to new. We have learned to welcome this new life with eagerness and joy, knowing that it is the hand of God that leads us constantly out of old experiences into new. If we are able to transmit some of this awareness to our children, then the insecurity and frustration of moving will be minimized. Moving will really be fun—an opportunity for new experience and for growth.





## For "Moving Can Be Fun"

### Preparation for the Meeting

If possible, try to get copies of this issue of *Hearthstone* to the members of the group before the meeting and be reasonably certain that they will be read. If not, it would be helpful for the leader to pass copies out at the beginning of the meeting. He would allow ten or fifteen minutes for reading the material, so that the group would have this as background for the discussion.

In addition, either the leader or someone designated by him, should secure and bring to the meeting a list of new members in the church, broken down in age levels, if possible.

Another valuable resource for the discussion would be provided if the leader were to ask certain members of the group to talk to children who have moved and bring their remarks and observations to the total group.

Finally, the leader should try to read at least one or two of the additional resources suggested at the end of the guide.

### Conducting the Meeting

The meeting might begin by the leader's asking how many members of the group have moved and requesting them to share some of their experiences and observations with the group. Then the members who were asked to talk to children about their reactions to moving should be asked to report. This could be followed by a discussion of the article itself and a comparison of the experiences related in it with the actual experiences brought out in the group.

From this the leader should go on to the questions for discussion. After the first five of these have been covered, the person who was to secure the names of new members in the church should make his report. The rest of the discussion time should be spent on question No. 5.

The meeting should be closed with a brief devotional, emphasizing the need that we all share for a closer family relationship within our own homes; our responsibility as parents to instill within

our children the kind of religious faith that sees change as God's hand opening doors of new and exciting experience to us; and the responsibility of the church to help its members as they prepare to move and to make new people feel a part of the church and community.

### Questions for Discussion

1. To what extent should we allow the wishes of our children to influence our decision as we think about moving? Are there times when it may be better for a child to move than to stay in his old community? Do you think that the age of the child makes a difference in the ease or difficulty with which he moves? Why?

2. Suggest some simple procedures that might make the actual process of moving from one house to another a pleasant experience instead of the exhausting and chaotic experience that it so often is.

3. Does putting our children's happiness ahead of our concern over our possessions mean that we give them free rein in the house and yard? If not, how do we decide the limits within which they operate?

4. Elizabeth Gardner in her booklet, *Good Neighbors*, has listed the following suggestions for those who move and those who welcome them. Have any of you had experiences where you have used one of these suggestions or seen it used? Can you think of others to add to the list?

How can friendliness be shown to newcomers in a community?

1. By visiting them as soon as they have time to get settled.
2. By inviting them to come and visit and to meet other neighbors.
3. By telling them of services offered in the community for mail and transportation and shopping and general welfare or convenience.
4. By inviting them to join various community groups, and going with them to their first meeting.
5. By inviting them to come to church; or if they prefer a different denomination, introducing them to some of its members.
6. By encouraging children of the community to include new children in their activities.
7. By being alert to observe specific situations in which interest or help would be welcomed.

How can newcomers show friendliness to their neighbors?

1. By responding graciously to gestures of welcome.
2. By returning invitations to come to visit.
3. By co-operating in the use of community services which must be shared by a number of people.
4. By showing an interest in group activities of the community.
5. By becoming identified with a



church, and sharing happily in its service and program.

6. By supervising their children's play activities, encouraging them to share with new friends, and to show consideration for both private and community property and for customs of the neighborhood.

7. By seeking to discover where certain favors or services that they could offer to neighbors would be appreciated.

5. You have before you the names of new members in your church. In view of this discussion, what can you do as a group to make them feel a part of the church and community?

## Resources

Your public library offers many books and magazine articles that will give useful background material on this subject. In addition, I would suggest a pamphlet entitled *Good Neighbors*, by Elizabeth C. Gardner, and an article called "So You Are Going to Move!" by Shields T. Hardin in the *Hearthstone* for August, 1957.

A bit of material found in the Kiplinger Washington Letter for December 22, 1956, might add interest to your discussion:

### Where People Are Moving to—and From

Fla., fastest growing of big states,

percentage wise—up 36% past six years. Means addition of 1,000,000 people. Calif., up 27% in the past six years. But this adds some 2,900,000 people. Mountain states, well up. Nev. 55%. Ariz. 41%. Colo. 22%. N. M. 20%. Utah 18%. Other fast growing states: Del. 26%. Md. 20%. Mich. 18%. Tex. 16%. Ohio 15%. Ore. 13%. Ind. 12%. Wash. 12%. La. 12%. Lagging behind the average of the U.S.: New England, excepting only Conn. Others lagging: N. Y., Pa., N. C., Ga., Ill., Wis., Minn., Iowa, Neb., Dakotas, Mont., Idaho, Mo., Okla., Ky., Tenn., Ala. Actually losing population: Me., Vt., W. Va., Miss., Ark. States not listed are near U. S. average —11% in past six years.

# BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly number square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A A little bit crazy -----	26 10 32 40 104
B Musical instrument for the church	38 107 108 57 72
C Weep loudly -----	68 2 39 5 44 53
D Happening every year -----	82 36 49 19 8 1
E Waiters carry them -----	11 48 66 71 79
F Where Davy Crockett died -----	15 29 42 100 61
G Instrument which is called a "grand" -----	88 35 83 43 105
H Lots of ships together -----	103 58 65 75 13
I Browned by the sun -----	45 6 84 9 41 20
J The color of fire -----	76 23 92 113 80
K Hawaiian farewell -----	77 78 109 56 99
L Person to whom something belongs	87 64 17 116 67
M Long-time quarrels between families -----	24 94 106 120 63
N Be still -----	46 54 86 96
O Curious or prying -----	98 102 27 52

P The opposite of a scowl -----	4 74 111 16 28
Q A great number -----	70 112 50 30
R What privates do when they meet officers -----	55 25 7 3 62 47
S A decorated car in a parade. ----	91 34 90 73 114
T Famous -----	93 18 95 97 110
U A mass meeting -----	119 22 59 81 69
V Low, dull, monotonous sound ----	85 89 118 60 14
W A fragment or a particle -----	12 115 33 21 51
X The spring period of fasting ----	117 101 31 37

(Solution on page 30)

	1	2	3		4	5	6	7	8		9	
10	11		12	13	14	15	16		17	18	19	
20	21	22	23		24	25	26	27	28	29	30	
31	32	33		34	35	36		37	38		39	40
41		42	43	44	45	46	47	48		49	50	51
	52	53	54		55	56	57	58	59		60	61
62		63	64	65	66	67		68	69		70	71
	72	73	74	75		76	77	78	79	80	81	82
	83	84	85		86	87		88	89	90	91	92
93	94		95	96	97		98	99	100	101		102
103		104	105	106	107		108	109	110		111	
112	113		114	115	116		117	118	119	120		



We pay installments on homes, cars, television sets, and electric appliances. Does not our church also deserve a portion of our income?

# *You Can Tithe*

by Edith Ledbetter

"But we just barely make ends meet now, and we do not give anywhere near one tenth to the Lord! How could *we* tithe?"

Quite possibly, you are one of the uncounted multitude who feel that way about tithing. You have heard it preached and taught.

You really believe that it is God's plan. You want to give one tenth to God. At each month's end you hope that your finances will look more promising, so that you can enter into this great spiritual adventure. But you have never mustered up the courage to start.

Let me call up for you some witnesses, who will testify as to the way in which God dealt with them, when they accepted his challenge.

The first witnesses that I shall bring are my dear friends, Nancie and Oren. I will give you Nancie's testimony as I heard her give it in



a "tithing testimony" meeting, at the church of which we were members. I shall never forget the exultant look on her face as she spoke.

"Oren and I fully believed in tithing when we were married," she began. "But when we set up housekeeping, we had to go deeply into debt for our furniture. We promised each other that, just as soon as we were out of debt, we would start tithing.

"The months, and finally the years, went by. Children came into our home, and expenses grew. Still we said, 'As soon as we are out of debt, we will tithe!'

"With the beginning of one year our finances were a little lower than usual. Oren and I looked at each other and said, 'This year we will trust God, and tithe. We will give him the first tenth.' That year we came out of debt for the first time!"

I cannot even give you the name of my second witness; I saw him only once. I was speaking in a School of Missions, for the Home Mission Board, in a rural section of Georgia—or perhaps it was Tennessee. I am not sure of the locality.

Each evening I was taken from my home of the week to speak in a different church. On the evening of which I write, my chauffeur

just don't understand about missions," he said. "When they really learn about it, they will want to hear, and want to share."

Then he went on to give me his priceless testimony. "Me and my wife read the Bible a lot," he said. "We found so many places where it talked about 'tithees'; you know, giving one tenth of everything to God. We never heard of anybody who tried it, but we decided that we would. God has given us so many blessings since we started to give him our 'tithees.'"

My next witness is my elder son, Richard, who is a minister. The occasion was the evening campfire service at a youth camp in the mountains of western Maryland, of which his father and I were in charge. He had asked Richard to speak to our group of about a hundred on the subject of tithing.

By the light of the flickering campfire, rimmed around by the dark mountains, he looked into the earnest faces of the boys and girls. He pleaded with them to put God first in their possessions, as in their lives. He told them that God had faithfully promised to pour out more blessings than they could contain, if they would give to him the first tenth. He assured them that it would work out by God's arithmetic, which blesses the remaining nine tenths. He related stories of

surance. "I watched it work in my father's home as I grew up. Even though the family was large, and the salary small, the first tenth of Dad's pay check always went into the tithing bag. And God always took care of us."

Now I shall bring a witness who was only a ten-year-old boy at the time that I knew him. His name was Ray, and he was in my Sunday church school class. Each Sunday he put a dime in the collection. Then, one Sunday morning, he came early and spoke earnestly to me. "From now on there is going to be more money in our class offering," he said. "I have a paper route, and I will make three dollars a week. I am going to give one tenth to the Lord, beginning next Sunday."

Not long afterward we moved away. But when we left, Ray was still faithfully and proudly bringing his tithe to the storehouse. One Sunday morning he whispered to me, "It makes me feel good to give one tenth to the Lord!"

Of the host of tithing witnesses that I have known I shall introduce to you only one more. It is my mother's sister, my dearly loved Aunt Julia. I was only a child when she had to make her hard decision, but she told me about it in later years.

"When your Uncle John was

*Not at some golden time in the future, but right now.*

feur came in a shabby pickup truck. He was small in physical stature, and poorly dressed. The church to which he took me was far out in the country, and only a handful of people were there. He spoke apologetically as we rode home after the service. "They

famous men of wealth and prominence who had taken God into partnership when they were boys. In conclusion Richard gave the testimony that gladdened the hearts of us, his parents.

"It has never been hard for me to tithe," he said with smiling as-

well, he worked hard and we managed easily," she began. "Then suddenly he was stricken with paralysis. He was completely helpless on one side, and the doctor could give us little hope of his recovery.

*(Continued on page 28)*

hand and took out the robin. Holding it securely around the neck, he took from his pocket a tiny piece of curved metal on which was the number 20,907. He put this metal ring round the robin's leg and pinched it together with a pair of pliers.

"See, Peter, it slips up and down on the leg and cannot hurt the bird. When the robin flies south, some other bird-banding agent may catch it in his trap. If so, he will look at the number and send word to Washington that he found robin No. 20,907. He also will tell where he found it. At Washington they will write me about it, and I will answer that I banded it. Then I can write to you. Of course, your bird may reach his winter home without being caught."

"May I band birds, Uncle Ned?"

"No, Peter. The government allows only those who know a great deal about birds to do this work."

During the winter months Peter talked often about his bird. He hoped that it would return in March or early April. He imagined that his bird was in Florida or South Carolina.

One day in late March, Peter saw a robin that he was sure was his bird. Soon the bird began to build a nest in about the same place under the porch roof where the nest had been last summer. It was not long before Uncle Ned came again, bringing his trap and other equipment. They set it in the old place and put in seeds and pieces of twine and cotton for the nest. After a little time they caught the robin and found the band with No. 20,907 on his leg.

"Oh, it's my robin," shouted Peter. "That's his own number.

When do you suppose we will hear from Washington?"

Uncle Ned took from his pocket the last report that he had received. Away down the list he found No. 20,907. The bird had been caught in Alabama in December and again in February.

"Now I know just where my bird spent the winter," said Peter joyfully. "I am going to read all about where birds hibernate in Alabama. Maybe Daddy will drive us down there in his car some fall. You can learn a lot about birds by banding them, can't you, Uncle Ned?"

"Yes," laughed Uncle Ned. "With radio, airplanes, and bird banding, you can know more than I did when I was a boy! But the most wonderful thing you can know is that God planned for robins to find their way south in winter and north in spring."

## To a Crosspatch

That is just the saddest face,

Tears enough to make a river.

Lower lip way out of place,

Seems it only wants to quiver.

See if you can stop those tears,

Smooth away that forehead wrinkle.

Stretch a smile between your ears,

Show me how those eyes can twinkle.

—Laurence C. Smith

## You Can Tithe

(Continued from page 27)

"Ruth had to drop out of high school to care for him. Bud got a newspaper route, and worked with a grocer on Saturdays. Irene was only nine, but she did all that she could around the house. Untrained as I was, the only job I could find was that of running an elevator in a bank building. We owned the home, but there were constantly bills for doctors and drugs.

"Uncle John and I had always tithed our income. But how could I, with a sick husband, three children to rear, and a greatly reduced income, get along on nine tenths of that? It was a hard decision to make. I prayed earnestly and constantly about it. Finally, God spoke peace to my troubled heart. I told the children, 'God always took care of us when times were good; we cannot insult him by acting as though we could not trust him to keep us in hard times.' And he always did!" she finished triumphantly.

"That year, after we began to tithe, we came out of debt for the

first time," Nancie testified.

"It makes me feel good to give one tenth to the Lord," Ray whispered shyly.

"God has given us wonderful blessings since we started to give him the 'tithee,'" said my friend of an evening in Georgia—or Tennessee.

"It has always been easy for me to tithe, for I watched it work with my parents, through the years," my son told the starry-eyed young people around the campfire.

"God had always taken care of us when times were good; we could not insult him by acting as though we could not trust him to keep us in hard times," Aunt Julia confided.

"Bring ye all the tithes," thunders the prophet Malachi, "and I will pour you out a blessing."

A countless multitude of God's faithful children raise a resounding echo to the statement from his word: "There hath not failed one word of all his good promise!"





# Family Counselor

**Q.** THERE is so much written these days about the evils of divorce and the effects on the children involved but very few articles of help to families involved in such tragedy. What is the best approach in teaching the children affected in such separations as to the whys? This tragedy has recently come to two of our families—the fathers in both cases are the aggressors. What can devoted Christian mothers tell their small or older children so they will be led to accept these conditions and keep faith in both parents?

One of these mothers is almost at a loss as to how to guide her six-year-old son and three-year-old daughter. She never criticizes the father and always speaks highly of him to her children but feels that the children will blame her because she had to leave the father—he turned from her to another woman whom he'd only known a month, and he asked for a divorce. This couple had been engaged three years and married eleven years.

**A.** IT IS inevitable, of course, that a divorce will produce heartaches for the parties involved, and especially for the older children of the divorcing parties. As you suggest, both parties should endeavor to lessen the shock for the children and, insofar as possible, help them to keep faith in both parents.

When the children are small—the three-year-old you mention, for example—the absence of the father, although noticed and de-

plored, will not produce the emotional impact that the separation brings to older children. It will prove to be quite a shock to a six-year-old, however. Nevertheless, if the mother surrounds them with love and understanding, and if there are male relatives who take an interest in the children, the harm of the separation will be somewhat lessened.

When children want to know why their father is not living with them any more, tell them, in as simple a way as possible, the truth. For instance, the mother may want to say quietly, "Daddy decided that he wanted to live someplace else"; or, "Daddy decided that he loved someone else and wanted to live with her." If the mother is puzzled by the father's behavior and his reasons for wanting a divorce, she may quite honestly say, if the child wants to know why the father fell in love with someone else, "I don't know just why your father wants to live with someone else, but since he does, we want him to be happy. Your father wants to see you every once in a while as he loves you very much." Such responses as

these will not answer all the questions children may have, but they will prove partially satisfying and are at least honest.

Much the same approach can be used with older children. Let there be no attempt to pass off lightly the tragedy of the separation, but let there also be the feeling engendered that in spite of the divorce, the children are loved and appreciated by both parents and that there may be many happy times together.

The mother you mention is wise not to criticize the father. If the children visit the father in his new home from time to time and he makes a great deal over them and gives them gifts, they may have a slight tendency to blame the mother for the divorce, but if she continues to give them her love and affection and is mature in her relationships with them and others, the feeling is not likely to create a permanent barrier between her and them.

You would find some help for this situation in the Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 135, entitled *Broken Homes*, by George Thorman (25 cents).

*Daniel M. Maynard*

their children. From an early age, they took the children to church, to Sunday church school, and to the Youth Fellowship.

Robert said, "I always wanted to do what Dad did. But I also cannot say enough about what the Youth Fellowship meant to me, for here I got an opportunity to test my own wings in public speaking and leadership. It was wonderful. I learned so much, and I grew in Christian poise."

3. Close association with missionaries and people of other races. "I count it fortunate," says Perry, "that my children have been able to know the many missionaries that have come to our home. I have no doubt that the wholesome Christian lives of these devoted servants of God have left their impression upon all my children. Then, too, all their lives they have been closely associated

with Indians. They know the people of another race. Once you open your hearts to a people like that, you want to share the gospel with them."

4. A loving concern plus a willingness to let go. "Lest you think," says Perry, "that we unduly influenced our children to become Christian workers, let me assure you that this is not the case. We have always shown concern about our children; but we never forced them to go a certain way or do a certain thing. We believe that children should have freedom and learn to walk on their own two feet and make their own decisions." So this wise combination of concern and freedom has been vital in the lives of the Jackson children.

5. The tremendous influences of the Christian college. Robert and Lawrence are graduates of Redlands University,

a strong denominational school. Floyd and Dorothy Delight are enrolled at Linfield College, and Joanne plans to go there also. The Christian influences that young people find in a Christian college help them to see the challenge in every line of Christian work—the call to become missionaries, pastors, directors of Christian education, nurses, and the like.

Surely, not every home should send out all its children into specialized Christian work. There is a lot of other work that God wants to get done, too. The railroads must run. Schools must be taught. Medicine must be made. Government must carry on, protecting us and working for the common good. Church vocations challenge, too, however, and it is good to have people like the Jacksons, so we can see that sometimes God calls an entire family into specialized Christian service.



"I guess you know this could make me seasick."

## Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 25)

SOLUTION: "You shall not steal, nor deal falsely, nor lie to one another. And you shall not swear by my name falsely, and so profane the name of your God. I am the Lord" (Leviticus 19: 11-12).

### The Words

- A Loony
- B Organ
- C Boohoo
- D Yearly
- E Trays
- F Alamo
- G Piano
- H Fleet
- I Tanned
- J Flame
- K Aloha
- L Owner
- M Feuds
- N Hush
- O Nosy
- P Smile
- Q Many
- R Salute
- S Float
- T Noted
- U Rally
- V Drone
- W Shred
- X Lent





# BOOKS

for the hearthside

## For Children

Any family is excited about a new house! **The Apple Tree House**, by Anne M. Halladay (Friendship Press, 1957, 125 pages, \$2.50, cloth; \$1.25, paper), is the story of a family who bought a new home in Urban Gardens, where Japanese, Spanish-Americans, Negroes, and Americans lived. Some of them were neighborly from the beginning, but a serious accident made them feel and act like real neighbors.

The children of these families were friends. They had fun at school. They had fun together with their pets. They had fun in planning a fiesta that would make it possible for them to have a church. How all this turned out makes good reading for primaries on the interdenominational mission study theme, "Christ, the Church, and Race." The illustrations by Frank C. Nicholas add interest and reality to the story.

★ ★ ★

**The Swimming Hole**, by Alice Cobb (Friendship Press, 1957, 127 pages, \$2.50, cloth; \$1.25, paper), is the junior reading book on the theme, "Christ, the Church, and Race." How a group of boys in one community raised the money for a swimming pool where all could swim, regardless of color or creed; how they started a drive to clean up their neighborhood so people would want to live there; how they used the money to meet a crisis makes an exciting story. What happened when the community found out how the money was spent is the real climax of this book. The illustrations by Joseph Escourido add much to the story.

★ ★ ★

Home is important to children, and a new home is exciting as well! So it was with Hana, who lived in Japan. Chil-

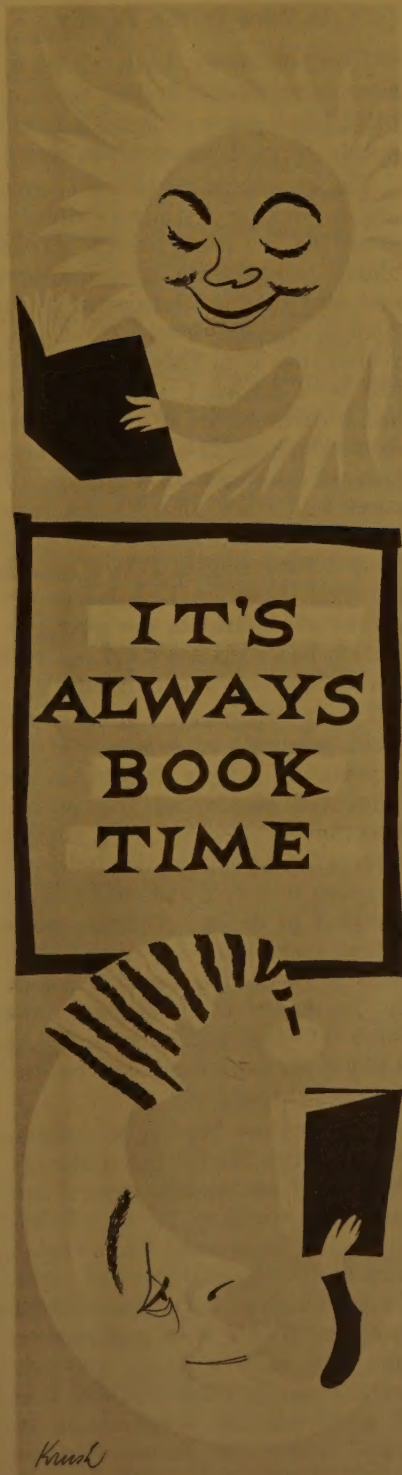
dren will thrill to **Hana's New Home**, by Lois Eddy McDonnell (Friendship Press, 1957, 125 pages, \$2.50, cloth; \$1.25, paper). The strange new experiences, the interesting new things, the new kind of school that the children attended both on week days and on Sunday, have the kind of suspense that children enjoy. The illustrations by Dorothy Papy will help the readers to understand some of the strange words and customs. This is the reading book for primary children on the interdenominational mission study theme for 1958.

★ ★ ★

Families are important to boys and girls. This is true in Japan as it is everywhere. **Kenji**, by Gertrude Jenness Rinden (Friendship Press, 1957, 120 pages, \$2.50, cloth; \$1.25, paper), is the story of an 11-year-old boy and his family, and their struggle to stay together. There is plenty of excitement in the story. A typhoon causes the greatest excitement. The brilliant suggestion of the village teacher solves the problem for many of those involved, and at the same time, makes it possible for Kenji's family to work out their difficulties. The illustrations by William M. Hutchinson add greatly to the story. This reading book for boys and girls 9 to 11 is on the mission study theme, "Japan."

★ ★ ★

Do you remember **Black Beauty**? Have you introduced him to your children? If so, then here is a book that tells about the author and how she came to write that beloved story—**Anna Sewell and Black Beauty**, by Margaret J. Baker (Longmans, Green, and Co., Inc., New York, 1957, 95 pages, \$2.50). Anna Sewell as a child loved all animals and particularly horses. Out of that love came a desire to protect them from human cruelty and exploitation. Her childhood anger at a cartman whipping his horse on a London street shamed him into retreat. Here is a charming story that may possibly be more meaningful to parents who remember **Black Beauty**, than to children of this hot rod, television, atomic age.





# Over the back fence

## It Runs in the Family

How often we have all heard that expression! It has been applied to all sorts of situations and events from diseases to divorce.

The sociologist, Judson T. Landis, in making a study of divorce, examined the backgrounds, particularly the parents, grandparents, and other close relatives of about 2000 single children. It was revealed that if neither grandparent had been divorced, their offspring had a divorce rate of one to every 6.8 marriages. If one set of grandparents had been through the divorce mill, then the divorce ratio of their children went up to one in every 4.2 marriages. If both grandparental families had either divorced or separated, the next generation had a broken marriage rate of one for every 2.6 marriages.

This is only another stone in the great mountain of evidence of the importance of the family as an influential molder of life in one direction or another. A similar illustration of this family influence was seen in a study of drinking on the part of college students made a few years ago. A direct relationship was discovered between the frequency of drinking in the home of the students and the amount of drinking done by the students themselves.

Our purpose here is to remember that the family can influence the life of succeeding generations for good as well as for ill. It has frequently been noted that a higher percentage of children of ministers' families have found their way into *Who's Who* publications than any other group. (We are not necessarily implying here that all good and all success is to be found within the covers of those annual listings.)

We may, therefore, be certain

that spiritual influences can be exerted in the family in ways that will bring about greater results than through any other agency. Christian faith runs in families, too! Paul, centuries ago, saw it happen in the family life of young Timothy, his mother and grandmother.

We are confident that *Hearthstone's* readers are in the forefront of those who are trying to set up the conditions which will better guarantee that process.

## Helping the Inevitable

There is a growing recognition of the fact that the racial integration of our public schools is inevitable. A rather vociferous minority still contends it will *never* take place, but the evidence is everywhere against this group. It is already in the process of taking place in every area of our land.

Is there something that can be done to help the inevitable take place more peacefully and constructively?

A realistic program for achieving desegregation of the school is presented in a 25-cent pamphlet, *A Guide to School Integration*, published by the Public Affairs Committee, 22 East 38th Street, New York 16, N. Y. It was written by Jean D. Grambs under the supervision of the Society for the Psychological Study of Social Issues, a division of the American Psychological Association.

Parents who want to help the inevitable, parents who are somewhat fearful of the inevitable, and parents who are downright opposed to the inevitable will find this pamphlet worth their study. Any community that wants to avoid the disastrous experiences which some areas have already undergone would profit by setting up a planning group, or even first a study group, that would use this pamphlet as a basis for examining the next steps to take in solving this complicated problem which inevitably will be solved if our nation is to continue as a land of "liberty and justice for all."



# Poetry Page

## Rescue

I found upon the shelf a damask spread,  
Gold curtains, rosebud-clustered, peach brocade,  
And two lace tablecloths of white instead  
Of that plain old blue linen one I made.  
I thought what wealth was hidden on these shelves,  
Placed there so long ago the two forgot  
They ever had possessed these things themselves,  
And whether they were ever used or not.  
The wife, half-blind, let long-soiled curtains hang—  
She must have thought that she would "make them  
do,"  
Or else recalled them with a housewife's pang  
And how they looked when laundered, fresh and  
new.  
What is not used—a curtain, spread, or cloth—  
May be as well resigned to dust and moth.

—Mary Lucretia Barker

## Signposts

A hem that shows faint signs of turning,  
A dreamy look of poignant yearning,  
A curiosity for learning.  
  
A lavish use of strange, new lotions,  
A sudden stirring of emotions,  
Kaleidoscope of dreams and notions.  
  
Impatience with an earlier knowing,  
An eagerness for life's bestowing:  
This year our daughter has been growing.

—Louise Darcy

## Dead Sea Scrolls

Run, boys, on eager feet to mouth of cave  
Where sound of rock re-echos in the gloom,  
And clash on metal recalls lord and slave.  
Could this be Jordan's pride? Or voice of doom?  
Go, Arab lads! Be on your way. Arrive  
To search the dark, dank hole and feel a thrill  
Seeking for death, or worse, some beast alive,  
And wonder at this cavern in the hill.

You children of the East, swift, lithe, and strong,  
Find ancient jars that stand as tall as you.  
You stop to ask, "To whom do they belong?"  
The answer is, "The world." And this is true—  
You've brought to light an age-old mystery,  
And to our time, a page of history.

—Mabelle B. McGuire



## Pirate in the Nursery

The baby has its father's nose,  
The relatives agree.  
"It has its mother's mouth," say those  
Who gather round to see.

Such piracy I can't condone  
In any baby's case.  
And parents ought to hold their own  
Instead of losing face.

—Florence Pedigo Jansson





The timeless connection between food and religion, between food for the body and food for the soul, is given new meaning in this beautiful melding of recipes with fascinating information about food and how it was prepared in Bible days.

*"The use of this cookbook should produce meals out of this world and will definitely give richer meaning to the prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'"*—Benjamin F. Browne, Executive Director, Board of Education and Publication, American Baptist Convention.

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